

I had one thousand Myrcinian and Chalcidonian peltasts, fifteen hundred Thracian mercenaries. (You know what they're worth.) I had Edonian cavalry, and peltasts, two thousand hoplites, and three hundred Hellenic cavalry, all badly equipped. I had to make a rousing speech (Thucydides the Athenian says I'm not a bad speaker for a Spartan) to keep the whole bunch from panicking.

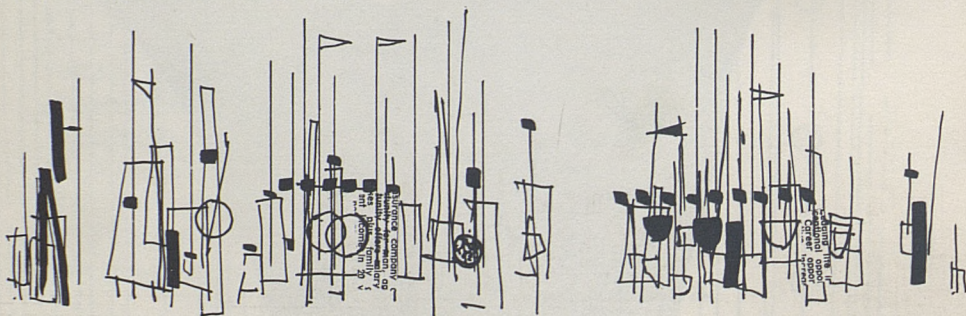
Cleon had twelve hundred hoplites and three hundred Athenian cavalry with an even larger force supplied by the allies. He had thirty ships and reinforcements on the way. All first-rate troops, too.

And the stupid bastard bungled it.

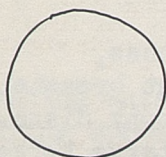
He thought he had me bottled up in Amphipol, peeing in my armor. He could have surrounded the city, and brought up the siege engine. Or stayed safely where he was until his reinforcements came.

So what does he do? He brings his army up the gates, says, "Brasidas ain't gonna fight turns his back and starts to stroll away.

We came out those gates like you-know-what from a constipated dog. We whipped that whole army, losing seven men to their six hundred. Cleon died as he should: A Myrcinian peltast got him from behind as he was running away, deserting his own troops.



BRASIDAS



I've had it, I know, though my aides stand around my bed and say I'm going to be all right. But I've seen too many men chopped up like this to think I'll pull through.

Maybe the Athenians got the best of the day, after all. We're losing a damn good general, while that nipple-head Cleon certainly is no trophy to be proud of. We've done Athens a favor.

I never could stand amateurs, anyway.

Robert L. Smith

